

The Tragedie

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire, *sounds.*
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techic and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish;
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

of Richard

Which in the day of battell tire
Then all the compleat armour
My praers on the aduerser partie
And there the litle soules of Edw.
Whisper the spirits of thine ene
And promise them successe and
B'oudie thou art, bloudy will b
Shame serues thy life, and doth

Qu. Though far more cause
Abides in me, I say Amen to al

King. Stay Madam, I must sp

Qu. I haue no more sonnes
For thee to murther, for my da
They shall be praying Nunnes,
And therefore leuell not to hit

King. You haue a daughter c
Vertuous and faire, royall and g

Qu. And must she die for th
And ile corrupt her manners, s
Slander my selfe, as false to Edw
Throw ouer her the vale of infam
So she may liue vnscard from b
I will confesse she was not Edw

King. Wrong not her birth,

Qu. To saue her life, ile say she

King. Her life is only safest in

Qu. And only in that safetie

King. Lo at their births good

Qu. No to their liues bad fri

King. All vnauoyded is the d

Qu. True, when auoyded gra
My babes were destinde to a fai
If grace had blest thee with a fa

Ki. Madam, so thrue I in m
As I intend more good to you
Then euer you or yours were b

Qu. What good is couerd w
To be discouerd that can do m

King. The aduancement of y